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would call on all men, by the one nature that is in you, by the great human heart beating alike in all your bosoms, to protest manfully against this desecration of the earth, this high treason against both Man and God. Teach your rulers that you are Americans, not Slaves; Christians, not Heathen; Men, not murderers, to kill for hire! You may effect little in this generation, for its head seems crazed and its heart rotten. But there will be a day after to-day. It is for you and me to make it better; a day of peace, when nation shall no longer lift up sword against nation; when all shall indeed be brothers, and all blest. Do this—you shall be worthy to dwell in this beautiful land; Christ will be near you; God work with you—and bless you forever! *Rev. T. Parker's Sermon.*

WOMAN AND WAR.

While the sad notes of war are sounding in our ears, they are mingled with the eloquence of the peace-loving and true hearted, entreating every one to use his influence to allay its spirit. As these appeals come home to us, causing the heart to beat with quicker pulsations, the question arises, what can *woman* do? To answer it, we look upon society as it is, and back to the infancy and childhood of those who are now upon the stage of active life, giving tone to public sentiment, and composing the elements of the nation's voice, and the reply comes with solemn sadness,—“What might she not have done had she realized her high trust and been true to it? Had she felt that her highest and holiest mission was to imbue the young hearts whom her influence might reach, with the principles of truth and love, of justice and forbearance, of meekness and humility?” Had this been the unceasing aim of the Mothers and daughters of our land in time that has passed, Oh! what a glorious beacon-light would our country now be to all the nations of the earth! No unbridled passions, no deeds of violence, no acts of oppression, no false principles of glory or honor, would have stained its annals.

Such might have been the influence of woman over the character of the present. But she has not been true to it. It now becomes her, to do what has been undone. Woman may thus extinguish, if she will, the spirit of warfare and all wrong in coming time. She may not escape the retributions of the ignorance or negligence of the past. But while her heart is wrung with agony at the awful thought of slaughtered friends and foes, whose mingled blood cries to heaven of her country's crimes, let her remember that this is the result of woman's neglected duty.

Let it inspire her with an unconquerable purpose that children and

children's children through coming generations, shall not weep over wrongs that her care, and her counsels might have prevented. Let her watch over infancy, and childhood, and youth, with unsparing devotion, and from the fountains of her own heart, purified by Christian faith and love, let her pour around them the streams of kindness and truth, of love and charity: let her voice instil the principles of fidelity to duty, and self-sacrifice for others good, and though she may not remove the wrongs that now exist, yet she will in time regenerate society, and redeem her country from the spirit of revenge and aggression. Her influence will mould the counsels of legislative halls, and her memory will come over the hearts of our future statesman to hallow and to strengthen his purposes for good.

Concord, N. H.

S. S. E.

HARVEST SONG.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I love, I love to see Bright steel gleam through the land; 'Tis a goodly sight, but it must be In the reaper's tawny hand.	Is seen around, in the fair hills crown'd With sheaves of burnished grain.
The helmet and the spear Are twined with laurel wreath; But the trophy is wet with the orphan's tear, And blood spots rest beneath.	Look forth, thou thoughtless one, Whose proud knee never bends; Take thou the bread that's daily spread, But think on Him who sends.
I love to see the field That is moist with purple stain: But not where bullet, sword, and shield Lie strewn with the gory slain.	Look forth, ye toiling men, Though little ye possess, Be glad that dearth is not on earth, To leave that little less.
No, no; 'tis where the sun Shoots down his cloudless beams, Till rich and bursting juice-drops run On the vineyard earth in streams.	Let the song of praise be poured In gratitude and joy, By the rich man, with his garners stored, And the ragged gleaner boy.
My glowing heart beats high At the sight of shining gold; But it is not that which the miser's eye Delighteth to behold.	The feast that Nature gives Is not for one alone— 'Tis shared by the meanest slave that lives, And the tenant of a throne.
A brighter wealth, by far, Than the deep mine's yellow vein,	Then, glory to the steel That shines in the reaper's hand; And thanks to a God who hath blessed the sod, And crown'd the harvest land!

PEACE MOVEMENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The last number of the *Advocate* was necessarily devoted to the Report of the proceedings of the American Peace Society, on its Anniversary Celebration, and to the statements of its Treasurer and General Agent. And we now avail ourselves of the first opportunity afforded, to present a brief chronicle of the various movements and events relative to the cause of Peace at home and abroad.

And first, we would congratulate our readers upon the peaceful termination of the Oregon difficulties, and the adjustment of that vexed question of territorial rights, which at